THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance;
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1854. | WHOLE NO. 1713.

Original Poetry.

THE PIONEER'S SONG OF THE AXE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. H. DADDOW.

[illegible]

Bright axe of the Pioneer!

Bellattemoo, March 27, 1854.

Original Novelet.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

KATE'S JOURNAL.

Can it be possible? so I have asked myself again and again to-day. I seem to be moving—living in a dream—a strange, harrowing dream, and I cannot persuade myself to wake up. It was but last night I heard the news. Julius was away. I sat alone in the east room, [illegible]

Our Picture Gallery.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF BURNS.

Biographers state that the poet was born in a small cottage two miles to the south-west of the town of Ayr. Burns was the son of a small farmer, who cultivated about seven acres and a-half of land, which he held as a perpetual lease, and on which he built with his own hands, the cottage represented above. His son Robert was born on the 25th of January, 1759, and, as he states himself, the first sixteen years of his life was passed in "the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing toil of a galley slave." A little before his sixteenth year, he first committed "the sin of rhyme." Subsequently, his marriage and other causes which contributed to surround him with difficulties and distress, induced him to resolve to emigrate to Jamaica. Before he started, however, he determined to print his poetry, and accordingly an impression of 600 copies was struck off at Kilmarnock. This was in the autumn of 1786. The result was a successful sale, and an introduction to Dr. Blacklock, of Edinburgh, and finally to all eminent in literature, rank, or fashion in that metropolis. Soon after, by the interest of one of his admiring friends, Burns obtained the situation of an officer of excise for the district in which he lived; and to forward his views of promotion soon after, he retired with his family to a small house in Dumfries. Here Burns spent the short remainder of his life. Continued irregularities of living and want of due caution as regarded choice of friends and conversation, soon surrounded him again with difficulties and vexations that he was unable to escape from. Worn out, at length, by ill health and great dejection of spirits, that soon supervened upon his other troubles, Burns died on the 21st of July, 1796. The history of literature affords few examples of a popularity so complete as that obtained by the poetry of Burns, and his works are still read wherever the English language is used. Nor, indeed, was any poetry more fitted to obtain extensive popularity. The themes chosen are all of the kind which come home to the natural feelings of men, and his mode of treating them is most simple and direct. In the exquisite truth of style, no writer in any language has surpassed Burns. Nothing can be more masterly—more demonstrative both of great skill and of general elevation of mind, than the manner in which he triumphs over the disadvantages of a dialect so much vulgarised as that of Scotland was at the time when he wrote. It is to be regretted that those of his poems ever saw the light, which tend to demoralize the minds of those who read them. They should be omitted from all editions of his works. Doubtless such an omission would be in accordance with his own wishes.

he is going to "keep scarce for a day and a twelvemonth." Aunt Hitty has been busy all the morning, fussing and dusting, flying from garret to cellar, and scolding the servants to her heart's content.

"One wants to look decent, you know, even if one has company one don't care for, and I'm sure I never look at the children, poor dears, but what I feel as if I should choke," she says. "But," she has just added, with a toss of her cap ribbon that would do credit to a Queen—"if that creature goes to managing those poor orphans, I'll let brother know that I've got a finger in the pie. Any time they're wronged, let them come to me, and we'll see who's to settle

[illegible]

ing exquisitely. Every little or sudden emotion brings celestial rosy red upon her oval cheeks. I love her already—but I fancied—out upon this woman's penetration, or perhaps I should say "feminine suspicion—" but I *did* fancy that Kate, lovely and well born as she is, spoke *to* and *of* her with an air of superciliousness, as though contact with her were degradation. Does she then know of my former station? the thought makes me nervous, but surely, surely, if I am honored by her father, by the great and worthy Judge Elmwood, should I not expect more than *mere courtesy from her?*

But away with this brooding! My misfortunes have given color to all my speculations. I will not see an ill thing in this household. To

[illegible]

Diffusing light ethereal sails the moon,
While through the rifted clouds her calm eye beams,
As the soft eye of faith through broken hopes.

Bunches of grapes, purpling with ripeness, hang within the reach of my hand, and near me bloom clusters of fairy-like flowers, from whose nestling covert Miss Helen coaxed them this morning. Letters came to-day, and I think our gentle governess must have received some delightful message that has made her very, very happy. Kate condescended to sit with me a while this afternoon. She brought her sewing, and—little Rosa. The child sat on a cushion at her feet, and though much I longed to call

[illegible]

DAWN.

"[illegible] to rejoice."

Oh, dawn of [illegible]
Thou through the [illegible]
With [illegible]
Com'st like a [illegible]
To eye and brow and [illegible]
We hail thee [illegible]!

[illegible]
Thy glancing beams
To us, from tower and tree,
Thy tender tracery
Doth gently gleam.

Not so to those who grope,
Devoid of Heaven's high hope,
In Pagan night,
Thou visitest our land;
For a dear pierced Hand
Hath given it light.

Mild dawn, with tresses gray,
[illegible]
Opening the gate
Through which, in glory born,
Rides forth the [illegible]
In regal state.

Sweet gift from Him above,
Whose unforgetful love
Doth never sleep;
Unto His name be praise,
While [illegible] nights and days
Their order keep.

Hartford. L. H. S.
—*American Messenger.*

Pictures of Life.

THE BOY HEROES:

A SKETCH OF EARLY WESTERN LIFE.

When Kentucky was an infant State, and before the foot of civilization had trodden her giant forests, there lived upon a branch of the Green River, an old hunter by the name of John Slater. His hut was upon the Southern bank of the stream, and save a small patch of some dozen acres that had been cleared by his own axe, he was shut up by dense forests. Slater had two children at home with him—two sons, Philip and Daniel—the former fourteen and the latter twelve years of age. His other [illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, ... We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:—

4 Copies, - - - - -	$5,00	Per Annum.
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13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$15,00	"
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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters of others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as ...

THE ENGLISH IN THE BALTIC.—By the recent news from Europe, it is stated that "the ice is breaking up, and the navigation to Cronstadt will soon be opened." By that time, we suppose, Napier will have been joined by the French fleet—and for these two events doubtless he has been waiting, in order to begin the attack. At the last advices, he was setting sail from Stockholm—which is in very nearly the same latitude as Cronstadt and St. Petersburg—to meet the Russian fleet which had sallied out from Helsingfors.

MULTIPLICATION.—A correspondent at Union Hall, Va., says there has been some dispute at that place, as to the product of 75 *cents* multiplied by 75 *cents*, and desires our opinion upon the subject. Our opinion is, that the question is about as easily answered, as if it had been asked, what 75 cents multiplied *by a bushel of turnips* amounts to. Seventy-five 75 cents are equivalent to $56,25; but seventy-five *cents* 75 cents is simply nonsense—begging our correspondent's pardon for such plain speaking.

COSTLY WORK.—The "supplement estimates" recently submitted to the British Parliament, show that war is as costly as it is terrible. They amount to over $25,000,000—of which nearly $15,000,000 is for the mere conveyance of troops. "John Bull" does not like it much—who would?—but he submits with a good grace to the inevitable. Happy America! that has no occasion to incur either the cost or the heavy responsibility of "cruel war."

CONGRESSIONAL.—There has been a great deal of very good speaking upon the Nebraska Bill recently in the House, but it is impossible for us to give even a summary of it. When, however, anything a little more new, or "able" or impudent, or outrageous than common, is said, we endeavor to let our readers into the marrow of it.

SANTA ANNA TRIUMPHANT.—The last report from Mexico is to the effect that Santa Anna had routed Alvarez, captured Acapulco, brought the rebellion to an end, and returned to his capital. With all his failings he seems to be the ablest man in Mexico.

HONDURAS.—It is reported that the new Minister from Honduras, brings a proposition for its gratuitous and unconditional annexation to the United States.

New Publications.

Who censures all, his censure is profitless; who praises all, his praise is worthless.

SUNSHINE ON DAILY PATHS: or, The Revelation of Beauty and Wonder in Common Things. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by H. C. Peck & Theo. Bliss, Phila.

This is a book composed of the very pith and core of Household Words. From a publication where all is good, we may well believe that a book of choice selections would be a treasure; and such it is. But we cannot better describe it than by calling attention to the title—a "Revelation of the Beauty and Wonder in Common Things." We should like to know, however, by what authority all these articles are attributed to Mr. Dickens. It is getting to be very common now-a-days to credit every selection from Household Words to Mr. Dickens, in order to draw attention to it—when the probability is that three out of every four such articles are the productions of other writers.

SELECT SPEECHES OF KOSSUTH. Condensed and Abridged, with Kossuth's Express Sanction. By FRANCIS W. NEWMAN. Published by Francis & Co., New York; and for sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston; and Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.

Of this we quote from the preface: "His orations are a tropical forest, full of strength and majesty, tangled in luxuriance, a wilderness of self-repetition. Utterly unsuited to form a book without immense abridgement, they contain materials adapted equally for immediate political service and for permanence as a work of wisdom and of genius." The volume comprises over 400 pages, and is, both in quality and arrangement, a valuable book.

THE RUSSO-TURKISH CAMPAIGNS of 1828-9. With a View of the Present State of Affairs in the East. By COLONEL CHESNEY, R. A., D. C. L., F. R. S. Published by Redfield, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

Of multiplication of books on Russia and Turkey there is no end. The present is a detailed account of the campaigns, accompanied with maps, and an appendix containing the diplomatic correspondence between the four powers, and the "secret correspondence between the Russian and English Governments."

THE LIFE OF JOAN OF ARC. By DAVID BARTLETT. Published by Miller, Orton & Mulligan, New York.

A simply written but enthusiastic story of the noble peasant girl; a very interesting book.

THE MYRTLE WREATH. By MINNIE MYRTLE. Published by Charles Scribner, New York; and for sale by Parry & McMillan, Phila.

A series of stories, poems and sketches, not very strong, but written in a sweet, wholesome, loving spirit; the theme being ever home-life in its different phases.

Clippings.

☞ House plants which have done blooming, should be removed to a cellar or other cool place. Plants which have been kept in cellars, should now be watered more freely than in the winter, and have more air admitted during warm days.

☞ There are some that live without any design at all, and only pass in the world like straws on a river:—they do not go, but are carried.

☞ One would naturally imagine that if a constellation had to be made out of fishes, the very best kind of fish that could possibly be used would be the star fish.

☞ TWO THINGS RATHER DIFFICULT TO BE DONE AT ONCE.—To cultivate a moustache and a taste for vermicelli soup.

☞ REMEMBER.—Replies are not always answers.

☞ Duhamel asserts that fruit grown on standard trees, is far superior, in all cases, to the same variety of fruit raised on espaliers or walls, or in any other way.

☞ RATHER PERSONAL.—A New York editor, finding a cabbage seed in a letter received from a brother quill, wants to know if his correspondent has the habit of scratching his head while writing.

☞ A CONVERSATIONAL TRUTH.—Women never tire of talking about babies, and men about horses.

☞ PASTE THIS UP IN YOUR MIND.—Let you be ever so pure, you cannot associate with bad companions without falling into bad odor. Evil company is like tobacco smoke—you cannot be long in its presence without carrying away a taint of it.

☞ GOOD ADVICE.—When a certain English painter flew into a rage and into print because one of his pictures had been roughly handled by the critics, he was advised by Edmund Burke to vindicate himself by his brush rather than by his pen.

☞ A primrose having been taken to Australia in a covered glass case, and arrived there in full bloom, the sensation it excited as a reminiscence of "fatherland" was so great, that it was necessary to protect it by a guard.

☞ Diogenes says it seems paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that the *latest* intelligence always consists of the *earliest* news.

☞ MEAN SPITE.—Russia, enraged with Turkey for having been the cause of depriving her of her markets for tallow, revenges herself by stirring up Greece!—*Punch.*

☞ We read in the newspapers that Mr. Glue has married Miss Holiday:

"Most happy of men! who in taking a wife
Has a Holiday won for the rest of his life!
Be constant and faithful, and tender and true,
Love her dearly and well, and stick to her like
Glue!"

☞ Is there any harm in a fellow's sitting down in the lapse of ages?

A VERY SENSIBLE REMARK.—A cotemporary speaking of the late duel at San Francisco, between Messrs. Washington and Washburn, says:—We think that editors should leave this disgraceful mode of settling differences, to Congressmen and New York Aldermen.

☞ The Richmond *Enquirer* says, in reference to Cuba, that "the country stands now on the threshold of some great event which will affect its destinies to the remotest age." Without the country takes care, it will not live to a very remote age.

BOARD OF HEALTH—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 132—Adults 69 and children 63.

POSTSCRIPT.

PASSAGE OF THE NEBRASKA BILL.—On the 22nd, Mr. Stephens moved to strike out the enacting clause of the bill, in order to cut off all amendments in Committee—the clause to be restored in the House. Mr. Chandler, of Phila., and other gentlemen protested against this course, as an "extraordinary gag," a "violation of the rules," &c., but the Chairman overruled their objections. The bill was then, amid great excitement, by aid of the previous question, reported to the House, and Mr. Richardson's substitute—omitting Mr. Clayton's amendment—agreed to by 115 yeas to 95 nays. The bill was then passed on third reading by 113 yeas to 100 nays, or 13 majority. A motion to reconsider was then made, and that motion laid upon the table—thus preventing any further reconsideration of the bill.

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.—The United States arrived at New Orleans on the 22nd, bringing California dates to the 1st. The steamship North Star left Aspinwall on the 16th, for New York, with 700 passengers and $300,000 in gold. The Illinois left on the following day with 600 passengers and about $1,000,000 in gold on freight.

Mr. Dillon, the French Consul at San Francisco, having been arrested for contempt of Court, and brought into Court, to testify in the case of the Mexican Consul, had struck his flag, and the Judge three days after admitted he was in the wrong. The Mexican Consul was found guilty of the charge of violating the neutrality laws, in enlisting men for Santa Anna's army, but had been recommended to the mercy of the Court.

Colonel Fremont arrived at San Francisco on the 16th ultimo, with his party completely broken up—only twenty men remained with him, the greater part having deserted, after crossing the Colorado.

The ship Golden Fleece, in beating out of the harbor, on the 22nd ult., struck on some rocks, and became a total wreck.

The barque Walter Claxton capsized in the bay of San Francisco, and 13 lives were lost.

The steamer Gazelle exploded in the Columbia River, Oregon, killing 25 and wounding 30.

The advices by the United States report that on the 5th inst., Santa Anna appeared before Acapulco, and summoned the town to surrender, but the summons was refused by Alvarez, who sallied out with his troops, made an attack on Santa Anna's forces, and took 300 prisoners, when, as the report goes, Santa Anna fled.

The accounts from the mining districts are most flattering.

The markets are reported as nominally the same as at last advices.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1854.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.
FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 15th, a number of petitions against the Nebraska Bill were presented.

Mr. Cooper presented the memorial of Castner Hanway, who was indicted and tried for treason, growing out of the Christiana riots, setting forth that his health has become injured in consequence of said indictment, and he is utterly unable to pay the expenses of his defence, and he prays to be reimbursed to the amount of his witness fees ...

The motion to re-commit the report of the last session on the subject of securing religious freedom to American citizens in foreign countries, was taken up.

Mr. Cass took the floor, and spoke at considerable length, advocating religious toleration and the propriety of this Government taking the necessary steps to secure to American citizens in foreign countries the same religious toleration which is extended to all in this. In the course of his speech, he alluded to the letter of Bishop Hughes, defending the Tuscan Government in its treatment of the Madiai family. After referring to the systematic intolerance of Catholic authorities in all Catholic countries, in both hemispheres, and quoting facts, particularly the Madiai persecution in Tuscany to sustain his position, he continued in the following words:

And does Archbishop Hughes believe that all these abuses are destined to continue untouched and unchanged? That they will much longer resist the mighty tide of public opinion, which has already done so much in these, our latter days, and is destined to do so much more? ... It may not be! The past is a pledge for the future.

Mr. Badger asked if the Senator had seen a paragraph going the round in the newspapers, purporting to have been taken from the "Shepherd of the Valley," a Catholic paper or magazine in St. Louis, published under the authority and supervision of the Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese, in which it was stated that, as soon as the Catholic population of any State in the Union should get the supremacy, religious toleration would be at an end in the State.

Mr. Cass said he had seen such a paragraph imputed to that paper, but had not seen the paper itself.

Mr. Badger suggested to the Senator the propriety of amending his resolution so as to direct the Committee to inquire and report such legislation as would secure to American citizens religious toleration at home.

Mr. Cass—I think this Government has nothing to do with religious toleration at home—that belongs to the States.

Mr. Badger asked the Senator to suppose the case that one or more of the States should happen to fall within the condition put by this paper—an event which, he feared, was not an impossible one—would not this Government occupy rather an awkward position, in asking foreign Governments to grant to American citizens a right which confessedly this Government cannot secure to them at home.

Mr. Cass—The Senator supposes an improbable case.

Mr. Clayton hoped the subject would not be referred. He proposed to discuss it himself at some suitable time; but before doing so he preferred that the committee, of which he was a member, ...

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

General News.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Ross, Camblos & Co., Stock and Exchange Brokers, No. 36 South Third Street.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, MAY 20.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Payment is required in advance.

[illegible]

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WILL BE PUBLISHED THURSDAY, MAY 25th, 1854.

[illegible]

MILLER, ORTON & MULLIGAN, Auburn, or Buffalo.

FANNY FERN AS A WRITER.

TESTIMONY OF THE PRESS.

[illegible]

A NEW MAP OF THE UNITED STATES AND TERRITORIES, ALSO, MEXICO, CENTRAL AMERICA AND THE WEST INDIES.

[illegible]

THE PARISH SIDE.

THE CLERK OF EDGEFIELD.

[illegible]

GALLAGHER & HALLOWAY,

IRON FOUNDERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

[illegible]

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35,000,000! SPLENDID CARPETS FOR THE MILLION AT HIRAM ANDERSON'S,

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[illegible]

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No. 252 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

SUNSHINE ON DAILY PATHS.

[illegible]

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FOR THE CURE OF ...

[illegible]

DR. ROBERT HUNTER,

AUTHOR of "A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Throat and Lungs ..."

[illegible]

MEDICATED INHALATION.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY has recently been made by Dr. Curtis, of this city, in the treatment of Consumption, Asthma, and all diseases of the lungs.

[illegible]

BAKER'S EGYPTIAN LIQUID HAIR DYE.

[illegible]

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

[illegible]

LIVER COMPLAINT,

JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC, OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, ...

[illegible]

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS,

PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, 120 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

[illegible]

SMITH'S DYSPEPSIA CORDIAL.

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

REFLECTIONS

THE REFLECTIONS LOST OR SO FIXED POSE, "PICTURE" IS THE VILLAIN SWEPT AWAY.

Ah! how it has changed since I was a child!
The cottage and a wood!
Then you'd be sure to find
Just where there was a wood!
To read those books! Then, and those!
Ah! how they did delight me!

Why, time my soul! how's something changed!
What can the matter be?
Why, I declare, I've grown
Quite out of love with books
"The poetry of the heart!"
And there's a "fly" instead of it!
Which makes it "anything else!"
Why! I'm the victim of the "Spirit of the age,"
And "self" instead of self.

"They look all"—what? I wonder,
"Time" has altered them, I'm sure,
And now to that, the sequel find
"For whom" has printed it clear?
"Tis "Fashion" has printed it clear?
Ah! how everything works—
To remove, by the bye,
Some anything in rendered blind
By gazing it on, eye.

"Hast thou no more?" the Ox bid one,
"Then thou no more shalt get."
"I hope that thou art dear," to pat
"I hope that thou art!" said Fate.
Who ever saw in such a space
So many bloodless lies?
"Those gentle eyes beloved," is spell
"Those gentle eyes beloved."

"The order of the coun," = "coun,"
"A difference" = "affection;"
I wonder if the listeners bribe
To fatt en well as fiction?
"Thou art a friend," the "i" = gone—
Who ever would have deemed
That such a trifling thing could change
A "friend" into a "foe?"

"That set the scene," is rendered = lame,
A vanity is too bad!
And then, "bright eyes" = "I" is out,
My "lovely maid" is "mad."
They deprive her blind by poking in
An eye—a pronoun now!
And now they've gouged it out again.
And made her crazy, too.

"Whose are the waters fed, that then
Showed it was no long country?"
Thus read my version: here it is:
"Should'st live as long as money."
"The fire of woman's love in thine,
Ah! it" = contracted into "thin."
How small a circumstance will turn
A woman's love to love!

"I read no more! What shall I do?
I'll never dare to scud it!
The paper's ruined by her and wife.
"Tis now too late to mend it
Oh, Fame! thou chest of human ideas
Why did I ever trust
To such poor food been borne
Before I knew the fact?

Let's stop and recapitulate:
I've damned her eyes, that's place—
I've told her she is bitter,
And blind, and dead, and lame
Who ever such a horrid luck
In poetry or prose!
I've said she was a beast, and pictured
The color of her nose!

I wish I had that editor
Alone a half a minute,
I'd "bang" him to his heart's content,
And write on it "I begin it,
I'd "jam" his body eyes, and bosom,
And spit a wink at it,
And send him to that "hell" of his—
He spells it with an "e."

Selected Sketch.

THE WRONGS OF WOMEN.

THE CASE OF MRS. NORTON.

[Not under the above head, which is of our own making, but under the title of "Our or ous. Lemon. Furnace" the last number of Dickens's "Household Words" contains the following history of the unfortunate married life of the gifted poetess, Mrs. Caroline Norton. The name of Mrs Norton is not mentioned in the article, but there can be no doubt that she is the lady referred to. The English laws in respect to the rights of married women sadly need amendment, as the American laws also, so far as they are open in the different States to similar objections. We trust that to this speech of "Punch's Right," all just and generous men will ever give their sanction and support.—Editor of the Saturday Evening Post.]

The prayers were made, the benediction given, the bells rang out their lusty epithalamium, and by the law of the land and the law of the land, Charlotte and Robert Desborough were henceforth one—one in interests, one in life. No child rights or selfish individuality to sow dissension between them: no sensation! time to weaken the devotion of affection by a trade-strict law-book against him; he, united by bonds none could break—their two lives weld all impulsive, one and indistinctive barrier—they set their lances to that form or carriage, which so many have attained to hope, to wish and pray long (distance of bitterness and despair. Yet what can be more beautiful than the ideal of an English marriage? That which unites of like sense—although it does mean the absorption of the woman's will in that of the man's—although it does mean the entire annihilation of all her rights, individuality, legal existence, and as talk recognition by the law—does not her ideal it do in the ideal! She, as the weaker, lying safe in the shadow of his strength, upheld by his hand, cherished by his love, loving herself, in the larger being of her husband: while he, in the vanguard of life, protected her from all evil, and shields her against danger, and takes on himself alone the act to and the weight toil, the danger, and the struggle. What a delightful picture of unselfishness and chivalry, of devotedness, and manly protectiveness: and what excellent to cause so much poetry from the dry code of the laws!

Like all newly-married women, this woman would have heard with horror on any proposition for the severance of the legal ports. Lonely would have been desolation to her, and the presence of the law she would have to repudiate as implying a doubt of her husband's faith. She had been taught to believe in men, and to honor them: and she did not wish to unlearn her lesson. The protracted connexion of their respectively tortured one of the most powerful of her social creed, and young hearts are not eager to escape from their anchorage at once. She was a willing slave before she was a faithful worshipper: and it seemed to her but fit, and right, and natural, that the lover should be subservient to her will and the ruler. For the first few weeks all went according to the brightness of her belief. The newly-bronzed spot was written in letters of gold, and blazoned on the brightest colors of truth, and hope, and love; and she believed that the second leaves would continue the story of those already turned over, and that the picture of the future would be like to the glories of the past. She believed as others, ardent and loving, had believed; and she knew, like them, that the bitter fruit of knowledge was between her lips, and the fatal branch of her young hopes strewed the ground at her feet.

The gold of the blazoned book was soon tarnished. Its tinted leaves told of love, and lasting; and of a love whose passion, when it was lovely, left no friendship or kindness or sympathy to keep alive the pale ashes. On the contrary, quarrels soon took the place of fading caresses, and bitter words echoed the last sounds of fond pleasure; for real heart, unless words took on in place of the happy words which burnt like fire in their own fire, but, with the honeymoon died out the affection which ought to have lived through all, and the jealousies of time, and suffering, and distress. It had been a love-match, that is, the principal sorted match as well; and want of sympathy soon deepened into bitterness, and thence to backward into hatred and disgust. The one hand was a man of violent temper, and held in no sway his fierce passions; on the other, was young, impassioned, beautiful, and clever, was never the line has chanted; and he treated her as such. By bitter personal experience, he taught her that the law which gave him all had unrestricted power over her as his property, was not always the duty of the strong to protect the weak, but might sometimes—even in the hands of English gentlemen—be translated into the right of the tyrant to oppress the helpless. From high words the transition to rough deeds was easy and natural. Matters grew gradual by worse; quarrels became more bitter and more frequent, and personal violences became ed. More than once she was to mortal fear, with marks of fingers on her throat, and cuts and bruises on her head; more than once relations interposed to save her from further violence. In these quarrels perhaps she was not wholly blameless. The rash passion of a high-spirited girl was not the tempered love suited to such a husband's wife. Less imaginative and less jesting, she might have come home the

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